Joe Beef of Montreal, the Son of the People.

He cares not for Pope, Priest, Parson or King William of the Boyne; all Joe wants is the Coin. He trusts in God in summer time to keep him from all harm; when he sees the frost and snow poor old Joetrusts in the Almighty Dollar and good old maple wood to keep his belly warm, for Churches, Chapels, Ranters, Preachers, Beechers and such stuff Montreal has already got enough.

From the "Evening Star," April 15th, 1876:

Mr. John Dougall, in the New York *Witness*, makes an appeal for "additional capital to the extent of fifty thousand dollars." He proposes to issue bonds of $10, $50, $100 and $500, payable in five years, and bearing 7 per cent. interest.

JOE BEEF.

Any Citizens, this day, having any of their Bonds on Hand, will please call at my Office from 10 a.m. to 12 a.m. daily, or at next door, the Rag Store, and they will get their full value, as far as old paper goes!

The Village Magistrate.
The City Councillor.
The Sunday School Bouncer.
The Blooming Rose, with the Temperance Nose.

All you Clergymen, Captains, Sailors, Bums, and Scurvy-Tailors, if you can walk or crawl, when you go on the spree, go and see JOE BEEF of Montreal.

JOE BEEF'S PROCLAMATION
TO THE PEOPLE.

Away with all hypocrites; away with their preaching;
And away with their tracts and their religious teaching;
Away with all covetous hoarders of pelf.
I have an open Bible and can judge for myself!
You grazed-faced ranters, pray leave me alone,
With "bless the Lord" on your lips and your hearts made of stone;
I want no more of your tracts or your "lamps to the feet,"
What I want is a shirt and something to eat!
Away with imposters and their spiritual relief,
And give me a man such as Mr. Joe Beef,
Who welcomes the poor man, let him be black, white, or red,
And gives him eating and drinking and a comfortable bed.
If you are cold, wet and hungry, without a friend to be seen,
Take five cents in your pocket and go to Joe Beef's Canteen;
There you are sure to find your name in Joe's pot,
And he won't see you hungry, let you have money or not.
No matter whether they call you "Billy" or "Mick,"
Joe will feed you if you are hungry, and cure you if sick;
He never frowns on the poor man or looks with disdain,
Just call on him once, and you will call back again.

For the sum of five cents, you can eat, drink and be merry;
Can drink whisky, gin, brandy, ale, porter or sherry;
And if you have no place to rest your wandering head,
For the round sum of ten cents he will give you a bed.
But before you retire, think of the sights to be seen,
And the pleasure and comforts in Joe Beef's Canteen;
No son of the world could ask to see better,
Although order and discipline are carried out to the letter.
You can inspect his menagerie, see the bear in his cage,
Take a walk through his ball-room, and dance on his stage;
You can dine in his mess-room, can drink at his bar,
Can listen to music on piano, violin and guitar.
Then away with the ranters and their religious puff,
And give me a man made of genuine stuff;
Give me the man who will open his door,
And say, come in, my dear brother! come, you are poor!

ONE OF THE BOARDERS.

WAR DECLARED! JOE BEEF ON FREE BEEF.

Corporation Legal Vermin to be Expropriated.

Joe dreads not war's alarms,
But calls on men to take up arms.

Joe announces that in recognition of his services in and out of THE ARMY, and as a special mark of appreciation of his efforts in favor of a FREE DINNER TABLE, he was last night, by telegraph, added to the list of better known than respected Canadian Knights.

He is now
SIR-LOIN BEEF, K. C. B.,
(Keeps Cooked Beef.)

Joe regrets to say that he has been informed on good authority that
Two poor devils in Montreal Jail
Call their late Boss, Sir Jim Cow-Tail,
And hint that if some had their deserts
The Boss would be placed in one of their berths.

SIR-LOIN (LATE JOE) BEEF ADDRESSETH THE CITIZENS.

A la KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

SONG.—**Free Beef.**
Air,—SCOTS WHA HAE.

Citizens but sparsely fed,
By double taxes sorely bled,
Surely plenty has been said
To untax meat.
He who yet would croak and groan,
Slave-like begging for his own,
Such want of manhood will have shown
As earns defeat.
'Tis monstrous and beyond belief
That men who would defend a thief
Should prosecute for selling beef
Yet legal vermin
Are to be found, who have done such
And would again, the cash to clutch.
But what such do don't matter much,
When we determine.
Up, Rose and Shamrock, Maple, Heather,
Up, as Canadians, all-together,
Rascality has run its tether,
I'ts come to grief

Stand as men who know what's right,
Stand as men who know their might,
Stand resolved to win, or fight,
So, says Joe Beef.

P. S. Lest any mistake there should be,
I've got to say, this was done for me,
(A very great favor, to get from him;
Who so deeply loves SIR Cow-tail Jim),
By the *Herald's* general in-chief;
The Buzzum friend of
SIR-LOIN BEEF.

THE BUMMERS' HOTEL.

My name is MacDuffy, I come from Galore,
I have a large family, and I keep a big store;
I rent this whole house, sure the Gang knows it well,
And the name that they gave it was the "Bummers' Hotel."

Chorus.

There's one cent for coffee, and two cents for bread;
Three for a beefsteak, and five for your bed,
And the breeze from the gutter gives a salt-water smell,
To refresh all the Bums in the "Bummers' Hotel."

There is big fat Kate Brady, put your name on the book,
She's head chamber-maid, and she's chief pastry cook.
She bakes fine rat pies, and like hot cakes they sell—
On the European plan is the "Bummers' Hotel."

Chorus repeated.

We have ninety-one boarders; they're packed to the door,
They pay five cents each for to sleep on the floor;
They bring in stale Lager, and of murders they tell,
The "Windsor" is nowhere with "Joe Beef's Hotel."

Chorus repeated.

There is John James McGauvran, a fine German man,
Who juggles his Lager-beer in an old oyster can;
He got collared last night and locked up in the cell,
He'll be bailed out by the Committee of the "Bummers' Hotel."

Chorus repeated.

Ho! England sound the trump and drum,
Your flags and banners rig;
From India's shores the news has come,
Our Prince has killed a pig!

Each English heart will faster beat
With pride and triumph big,
To read of this heroic feat,
This killing of the pig.

Each butcher boy who drives around
In rapid morning gig
Will feel devotion more profound
For him who killed a pig.

Albert Edward, swinish butcher,
When thy "sticking" time hath flown,
Wilt thou think how much it cost us,
When you might have stuck at home?

Honest English indignation
Now is felt in ev'ry grade;
Rich pig-sticker, all the nation
Wonders where you learnt the trade!

Albert Edward, great pig sticker,
English people all rejoice
When they hear through Mr Reuter
Of thine acts amongst the swine!

Theynow are sunk in dark eclipse,
Whose words not worth a fig,
Once dared to snarl at royal trips—
Our Prince has killed a pig!

Who now shall say the visit's vain,
Or call it *infra dig*?
Illustrious Prince, remain! remain!
And kill another pig!

Alexandra! why forsake her,
Just to earn pig-sticking fame?—
Why leave Swiney Railway Baker
Stuck in drear Horsemonger lane?

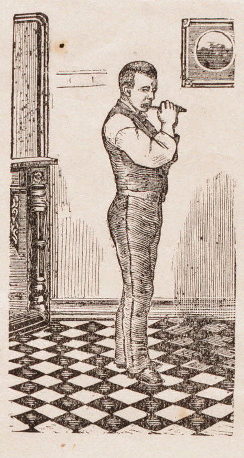
Close by the Insurance Clock, near the St. Ann's Market, Opposite the Allan Dock. It is easily to be seen, as over his door is a Barber's Pole, a Razor, and the sign "Joe Beef's Canteen." He keeps animals to amuse you. He keeps animals to abuse you. He keeps from a Preacher to a Bear, and a woolly-headed Nigger to shave and cut your hair. If pains or aches you have got, his Pain-Killer is a sure relief. Get one Bottle down your throttle, you can mount the stairs, say your prayers, and you will dream of Joseph Beef.—On his stage you can sing and dance, you can see the emblems of Old Ireland, America and France.—The British and Canadian Flags are also to be seen hanging with the Green, down in old "Joe Beef's Canteen."—When Bishops, Priests, Parsons, Preachers and Religious Teachers last December passed the poor men in their woe, they found a friend in poor old Joe. He gave to them a helping hand, with a supper and a bed. He did not do as Religious People did with poor Noble, stretch him on the Refuge floor, next morning he was found dead!—He did his best to please you all, no harm what country or creed you may be. Let you be Cannon's Guns, Chiniquy's Bums or St. Patrick's Sons, you are all the same to me, therefore I will mess the undermentioned Swells at the undermentioned prices.

	Cents.
Aristocratic Blackguards disguised as gentlemen	5
Aristocratic Swells with swallow-tailed coats	5
Aristocratic Cadgers	5
Adjutants General and Organ Grinders	5
Aristocrats who speak through their nose in a whining mood, making pretensions of knowledge, wisdom and superiority which they do not possess	5
Anointed King and Two-legged Animals	5
Apish Aristocrats with the aristocratic gout in their head and nose and bulging out at their rotten toes	5
Aged and Moral Libertines	5
Amiable Loafers	5
Buffoons	5
Baronets, Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen and Bums	5
Beggarly Half-pay Loafers	5
Bogus Legislators	5
Blackguard in broadcloth	5
Brummagen Colonels	5
Bruisers and Ruffians wearing Policeman's Uniform	5
Beaver Hall Powdered Footmen	5
Blue-blooded Swell Convicts	5
Blue-coated Ruffians	5
Brutes in Blue uniform	5
Brockville Painters, Paper-hangers, Perfumers and Informers	5
Bishops, Priests, Parsons, Bastards and Harlots	5
Buck-devouring Princes	5
Bogus Irishmen	5
Broken-down Blacklegs	5
Blustering, Bloated, Broad-faced, Full-bellied, Petulant, Hot-Headed, Stupid Recorders	5
Brazen-faced Rogues	5
Burlington Smellers	5
Blue-blooded Dominion Bogus Codfish	5
Beaver Hall would-be Aristocrats with brass-plates on their doors and borrowed plates inside	5
Bigots, Schemers and Adventurers	5
Beaver Hall Wolfish Aristocrats	5
Bigoted Clergy	5
Beaver Hall Able-bodied Do-nothings	5
Brainless Boobies	5
Blubbering Blockheads	5
Blustering, Swaggering, Domineering Fops	5
Blood-thirsty Two-legged Monsters	5
Bogus Counts and German Princes out of employment	5
Bloated Bishops	5
Blubbering Members of Parliament	5
Bigoted, Bloody-minded Lunatics	5
Canadian Serfs	5
Canadian Members and Men of Straw	5
Canting Hypocrites	5
Canadian Skunks who prefer their own stink to the sweetest perfume from Paris	5
Canadian Colonels called gentlemen by mistake	5
Canadian Galoots with high-heeled boots and Corporation Blood Suckers	5
Canadian Members with trumpery titles	5
Canting, Whining, Shuffling Sneaks	5
City Poltroons	5
City Big Wigs	5
City Mayors and City Monkeys	5
Clever Democrats	5
College Cublings	5
Counterfeit Soldiers called Princes	5
Corporation Pigs	5
Corporation Apes	5
Corporation Fussy Old Fools who dress like Buffoons	5
Coronetted Scoundrels	5
Consecrated Whitewashers	5
Coffee-colored Barbarians	5
Corporation Bullies in Uniform	5
College Curs and Deaf Judges	5
Corporation Cows	5
Corporation Sow with her six ears, thirty-six tits and one hundred and twenty suckers	5
Colonel Pacha Baker, the Convict	5
Converted Prize-Fighters	5
Converted Thieves	5
Church Propounders of the Law and Gospel	5
Chicken-hearted, Greedy, Grasping, Griping Old Hopocrites	5
Chicken-hearted Volunteers	5
Clerical Comedians and Ranting Actors	5
Clerical Interlopers	5
Clerical Apes	5
Clerical and Cold-blooded Seducers	5
Clerical Bigots	5
Clerical Fanatics	5
Clerical Policemen	5
Clerical Liars and Poltroons	5
Clerical Leeches	5
Clerical Vigilance Informers	5
Clergymen who sing like Angels, pray like Saints, and lie like Devils	5
Clergymen who, when praying for miserable sinners, keep looking at the Poor all the time	5
Clergymen who laugh and weep at the same time	5
Clerical Wolves who tear the skin of Foxes	5
Craven, Crafty, Clerical Culprits	5

	Cents.
Crafty Ranters	5
Crooked-minded Bigots	5
Crowned Ruffians	5
Creepers, Crawlers	5
Dandy Do-nothings	5
Dawdling, Lisping, Shallow-brained Human Drones	5
Debased and Degraded Royal Blackguards	5
Decayed Politicians and Worthless Well-dressed Brats	5
Deceiving Preachers	5
Distinguished Transgressors	5
Dirt-eating, Belly-crawling Hypocrites	5
Dignified Swells	5
Disgusting Profligates	5
Dominion Military Heroes, Half-Soldiers and Red River Warriors	5
Dominion Spud Adjutants and Volunteer Colonels	5
Dominion Empty-headed Military Noodles whose heads are filled with pride but void of brains	5
Dominion would-be Aristocratic Barnabys	5
Dominion Big and Little Bugs	5
Dominion Barbarians	5
Dominion Drill Instructors with pendulous bellies, big heads, fat cheeks, oily aspect, swinish and hoggish	5
Dominion Warriors whose uniform hides their want of brains	5
Drawing-room Fops	5
Eloquent Scoundrels	5
Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, Nobles	5
Englishmen who lend money to the Turks and starve the poor Irish	5
Empty-headed Generals	5
Empty-bellied, lean-shanked Workingmen	5
Fatted, Lazy Clerical Creatures	5
Fashionable Christians	5
Fashionable Sinners	5
Fallen Preachers	5
Fallen Swells	5
Fashionable Ruffins	5
Fawning Fools	5
Fashionable Warriors	5
Fat Princes or Full-Blown Fools	5
Fat Parsons	5
Fawning Flatterers	5
Fashionable Sinners who subscribe money to convert the Heathens who are not half so heathenish as themselves	5
Favored Dandies	5
Fatted Lying Clerical Preachers	5
Feather Bed Soldiers and Butterfly Colonels	5
First-class Paupers	5
First-class Criminals	5
Fishy Aristocrats	5
Fops who think they are inestimable amongst the Ladies	5
Fops who are quizzed by the Ladies and don't know it	5
Fops who depend on their clothes, their rings, their chains, their canes, &c., as the only means of getting a belly-full	5
Fools, Drones and Toadies	5
Fools, Knaves and Clowns	5
Fraudulent Tradesmen	5
Gentlemen who believe their blood is very pure, and that when they go to Heaven they will not be called upon to associate with common or vulgar people	5
Genteel Paupers	5
Gentlemen who have lost their Reputation	5
Generals who are mere puppets in the hands of a few ignorant upstarts	5
German Princes who are sheltered and screened behind the Queen's Petticoats	5
Gaping Blockheads	5
Government Bribe Takers	5
Government Old Clothes Stool Pigeons	5
Gouty German Pudding-pated Princes	5
Goggle-eyed, Low-legged, Pot-bellied, Big-headed Aristocrats	5
Goggle-eyed, Apish Hypocrites who are only half Monkey and half Tiger	5
Government Miscreants	5
Gouty Dominion Adjutants	5
Government Bribe Fathers	5
Gutter-blood Swells	5
Greasy City Fathers	5
Great Strong White Brutes who kick their poor wives with hobnailed boots	5
Grand Trunk Smellers	5
Great St. James Street Swells who are continually taking off their hats and bobbing their heads up and down to every lady who passes like Chinese Mandarins	5
Greasy Toad-eating Ranters	5
Grand Master of Orange Lodges and Fenian Generals	5
Half-witted Nobility	5
Haughty Jackasses who walk about Great St. James Street as if they had swallowed a broomstick	5
Hard-shell Baptists	5
Hardy Sons of Toil	5
Heartless Monsters in the Guise of Men	5
Heavy-headed brainless Aristocrats	5
Henry Ward Beecher and the Holy Saints from Brooklyn (the good man) who went nest hiding, put the baby to sleep, put her soul in leading strings, showed her the groom of her youth	5
High-blood Swells	5
High-blood Princes, Nobles, Profligates, Lunatics, Idiots and Fools	5
High-class Rowdies	5
High-born Fools	5

	Cents.
High-class Out-door Paupers	5
High and Mighty Personages	5
High-born People	5
Honest Bigots	5
Holy Joe of the Steamship Prussian and his Angels	5
Honest Tories and Sham Radicals	5
Hungry human Locusts	5
Huntington Roosters	5
Human Ferrets, Manufactured Perjurers and Informers, also Sneaking Spies, who are smelling after Public Houses	5
Human Vermin	5
Idle Drones	5
Idlers who are determined never to work	5
Idle, worthless Paupers, nicknamed Princes, Dukes, etc.	5
Ignorant Upstarts	5
Immoral Men	5
Imitation Soldiers	5
Imaginary Snobs and Military Heroes	5
Imported Titled Blackguards	5
Imported Titled Roughs	5
Informers and Would-be Tyrants	5
Incompetent Judges	5
Incompetent Generals	5
Imperious Barbarians	5
Iron-plated Ranters who know no shame	5
Joe's Pain-Killer, good for body and soul; it will fight its way through steel, and as Joe is a famous doctor it will either kill or cure	5
Joe Beef pays his Laborers twice as much as the Prince of Wales	5
Joe pays one dollar per day and their grub, the Prince pays 2s and 1s for Sunday, as the Prince thinks they should not eat so much as they do not work	5
ackass Country Judges	5
Judges who are above Public Opinion	5
Kings, Lords and Clowns, also Niggers	5
Kings and Sanctimonious Rogues	5
Lazy Fat-sided Prelates	5
Land Sharks	5
Laborers and Loafers	5
Lanter-jawed, Cold Water Ranters, who have been in and out of petticoats all their life	5
Lazy Aristocrats	5
Lecherous Divines	5
Lazy Aristocrats who cannot work	5
Legal Harpies	5
Lecherous old Preachers	5
Lunatics, Idiots and Fools	5
Lunatic Priests	5
Loafers and Street Corner Vermin	5
Loutish Corporation Snobs	5
Makers of Law who are rich and thievish	5
Magistrates who can neither read nor write	5
Married Profligates	5
Methodist Thieves who refuse to smoke a cigar	5
Medical Roughs	5
Men who walk backward like crabs in the presence of Royalty	5
Miserable Creatures who walk backward like crabs when presented to Lord Dufferin	5
Military Drones	5
Military Grubbers	5
Military Washerwomen, Colonels of the Soap Suds, whose duty it is to keep the Dominion Volunteer Blankets from running away	5
Middle-class Rogues	5
Military Pimps	5
Military Recorders who will stand no nonsense with famished Men and Women	5
Military Poltroons	5
Model Detectives	5
Moral Poltroons	5
Moral Religious Monsters	5
Montreal Donkey Dragoons	5
Montreal Seedy Swells	5
Montreal Aristocratic Codgers	5
Montreal Coxcombs	5
Montreal Aristocratic Paupers	5
Montreal Stool Pigeons	5
Montreal Young Men's Christian Association	5
Mouldy Old English Judges with their Cauliflower Wigs	5
Muddy-Brained Farmers	5
Mutton-Headed Scullions	5
Mule Contractors	5
Mushroom Colonels	5
Mild Lunatics	5
Newspaper Flunkeys	5
Noble Lunatics	5
Noble Tramps	5
Noble Bastards	5

	Cents.
Noodle-pated Ranters	5
Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association	5
Oily-tongued, Putty-headed old Recorders	5
Old Walking Cheese in Heavy Marching Order, so that one pound of it will turn out more Canadian Riflemen than the Country can feed	5
Old Country Aristocratic Adventurers	5
Old Judges who sit listening to a case blinking like Jackdaws	5
Old Country Big Wigs and Cauliflower Judges	5
Oily, Greasy, Fat-sided old Recorders	5
Oppressors of the Great Unwashed	5
One-Horse Lawyers	5
Old Ladies called Noble Lords	5
Oily-tongued Hypocrites	5
Officers who were never in Battle, except with graveyard stones and Barbers' Poles	5
D. I. K. Rine, who did not drink beer or wine, only water, and next morning went for the Bricklayer's Daughter	5
Royal Babies sent out from England	5
Royal Princes who support strumpets taken off the stage with the money wrung from the poor	5
Royal Rakes	5
Royal Toadies and Tuft Hunters	5
Royal Dwarfs and Dead-heads	5
Royal Loafers	5
Royal Idiots	5
Royal Poodles	5
Royal Rascals	5
Royal Runaways	5
Royal Noodles	5
Rowdy Swells	5
Royal Brats	5
Rogues, Tyrants, Scoundrels, Miscreants	5
Royal Humbugs	5
Recorders who are blind with one eye, and won't see with the other	5
Reverend Magnates, and Clerical Numbskulls, also ignorant Law Dispensers	5
Red Republicans	5
Royal Monsters	5
Royal Locusts	5
Rogues in rags	5
Rogues in good clothes	5
Royal Bastards	5
Royal Beggars	5
Royal Rakes	5
Royal Bummers	5
Royal Bantlings	5
Royal Clowns with moon faces	5
Royal Crazy Captains with eyes in their stern	5
Royal Pests	5
Royal Dances	5
Royal Chuckle-headed Idiots	5
Royal Toadies and Tuft Hunters	5
Spanish Royal Brats and Spanish Royal She Cats	5
Swells who cannot see much further than the tips of their noses	5
Street Preachers supplied with a Belly-full of the Book of Revelation for the small sum of	5
Stinkpot Warriors	5
Scandal Preachers and Holy Men of God	5
Scoundrels in broad-cloth, scented, and dressed to kill	5
Small-fry Advocates, Swindlers and Thimble Riggers	5
Small-fry round the City	5
Soap Sud Colonels with their Soft Soap Medals	5
Small-fry Lawyers or Sharpers with a black boy to hold the tail of their gowns	5
Swells who are not sufficiently big bred	5
Scheming Lawyers	5
Saintly, Sloppy, Slippery Bishops	5
Scurvy Lawyers	5
Snobs of Montreal Artificial Society	5
Sham Radicals	5
Small-fry Pudding-headed Montreal Lawyers	5
Swells who prefer lasting dishonor to poverty	5
Slanderers of the living as well as the dead	5
Swells who get into debt	5
Stupid, Insignificant Puppies and Grand Trunk Nobodies	5
Stuck up Religious Visitors with words of charity on their glib tongues but no charity in their hearts	5
Small-fry Lawyers who swarm about the City like flies on a heap of manure, and get fat on roguery	5
Swells who live without fortune, profession or business	5
Slanderers of Dumb Animals	5
Sleek-faced, Ranting, Canting Pretenders	5
Solid Saints and Spotted Puritans	5
Sunday School Bouncers	5



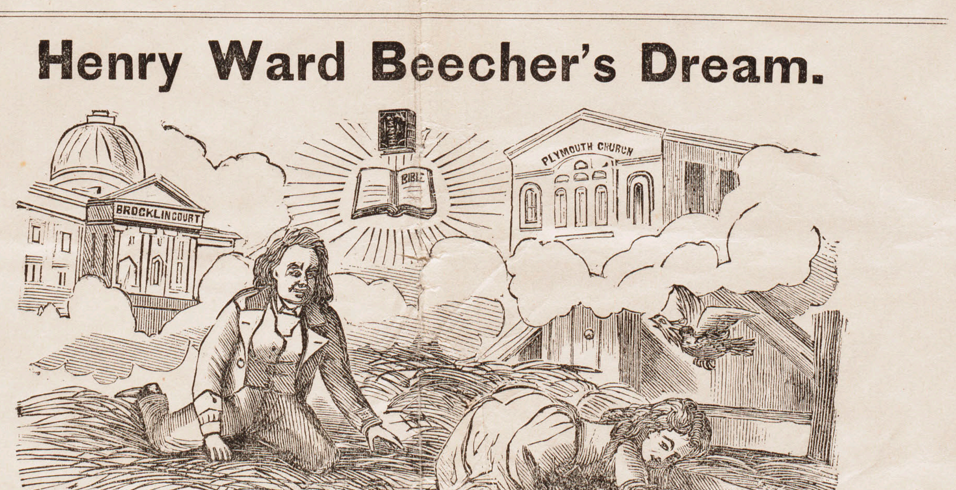
THE BLIND IRISH FLUTER.

GREAT FEED.

Oily-tongued, Flint-hearted Parsons	5
Old, Toothless, Gouty Generals	5
Offsprings of the Great Unwashed	5
Poor People who have been swindled by Small-fry Lawyers	5
Parsons, Fools and Parish Rogues	5
Petty Parsons	5
Parsons, Priests and Parrots	5
People who trust their money to rotten Institutions	5
Proven Profligates	5
Princes who prefer pig sticking to fighting	5
Poor people who are obliged to be submissive to the Press, Pulpit and Police	5
Princes and Brutalized Buffoons	5
Perambulating Tailors with heads on them like Chalk Rabbits	5
Private rooms for Informers and would-be Tyrants	5
Policemen who kick Women, knock Children about, smash poor People's heads, take up Sober People, and swear they were drunk next day	5
Pious Men	5
Perfumed Dandies	5
Puffy, Turtle Soup Devouring Aldermen	5
Poor Men who live by honest labor	5
Poor Noodles who are called Kings	5
Puppets who live in idleness, laziness and at the Poor's expense	5
Puddle-headed Pacific Railway Politicians	5
Press Reporters with long hair who can supply regiments	5
Princely Cadgers and Sturdy Beggars	5
Princes or Gilt Gingerbread Dummies	5
Puppet Princes and Russian Dolls	5
Pig-headed Lawyers	5
Pig-Headed Hypocrites	5
Purple faced, Brandy-faced Hotelkeepers	5
Political Fools	5
Poor People made in the likeness of God, and equal in the sight of God to either King or Queen	5
Prayerful Men	5
Perfumed Dunces	5
Pale-faced, Saintly-looking Hypocrites	5
Pig-sticking Princes	5
Priests, Parsons, Saints, and Sinners	5
Public Thieves	5
Princes who made Buffoons of themselves	5
Pious, Psalm-singing Rogues	5
Professional Hypocrites	5
People who have to remain unconverted in wet weather when the Parson has no umbrella	5
Rambling Preachers	5
Ranters and the Devil's Disciples	5
Ranters and Disturbers of the Public Peace	5
Ranters who are only wolves in sheep's clothing	5
Ranters who live by fraud, imposition and hypocrisy	5
Ranters who preach morality and practice swindling	5
Ranters with backs like flour-barrels, comfortable stomachs, substantial calves and brawney shoulders	5
Rank Royalists	5
Ranters who lick, crawl, lie, howl, and whelp at the same time	5
Reformed Tipplers	5
Reformed Rum-sellers	5
Recognized Rogues	5
Reckless and Roguish Adventurers	5
Recorders, Recorder's Clerks, Perjurers	5
Respectable, God-fearing, Church-going Tea Dealers	5
Religious Snobs	5
Respectable Hypocrites who cheat and rob the people six days, and go to church on the seventh	5
Recorders with cocked hats, and decked in their corporation trumpery robes of office	5
Respectable Grocers who put sand in their sugar	5
Recorders who are as ignorant as Spanish Mules	5
Reporters of Weights and Measures	5
Respectable Rascals in broad-cloth	5
Religious Lunatics who are to have an Asylum in Heaven	5
Religious Frauds	5
Religious Boobies	5
Real Soldiers	5
Rich, Great and Infamous People	5
Rich and Privileged Vagabonds	5

Temperance Preachers who neither drink beer, wine or water, but go for the poor Bricklayer's daughter	5
Temperance Preachers who can go about cleansing any great City of Sin, and then go asking some poor young maiden for her little pin	5
The Brooklyn Holy Ram that wants to keep the Man's Wife at home and send the husband to convert the Jews in Jerusalem	5
Titled or Worthless Knaves	5
The Lord's Anointed Kings	5
Thieves with brass buttons	5
Tender Kids of Plymouth Church	5
Tiger-hunting Princes	5
Tea Kittle Purgeas	5
Tract Distributors	5
The Great Unwashed, the Working people, the Unberdred people, the Vulgar people, the people who cannot take care of themselves but require John and John's Son and every other loafing, ranting Son a Gun to take care of them	5
Tiger-hearted Ranters and Renegade Turncoats	5
Two-legged Hawks who prey on the Poor	5
Teetotal Drunkards	5
Tin Pot Aristocrats	5
Thick-skulled Reporters	5
Two-legged Animals called Bummers	5
Tiger-hunting Princes	5
The Poor People, or what the *London Times* calls them, "the Scum;" or, as Lord Macaulay calls them, "the Vermin of the Earth"	5
The Prince of Heaven and the Prince of Wales	5
Three-tailed Swells	5
Ungodly Men like Joe Beef	5
Untutored Hypocrites	5
Uneducated Ruffians	5
Uneducated and thick-skulled Rustics	5
Volunteer Monkeys with red coats and cocked hats	5
Vulgar Evil Doers	5
Vile-tongued, Flint-hearted Parsons	5
Volunteer Coffee, three cents per bowl; there is no milk in this coffee and very little sugar	5
Volunteer Colonels, who know as much about soldiering as a pig does of Geography	5
Volunteers who have lost their brains	5
Volunteers who are only asses in military clothing	5
Volunteer Officers, devouring Locusts Canada's	5
Volunteer Bummers	5
Volunteer Officers with two tails	5
Well-connected Young Rowdies	5
White livered, Faint-hearted Officers	5
White Slaves	5
Wandering Vagabonds	5
White Trash, Woolly-headed Niggers and Colored Gentlemen	5
Well-dressed Flunkeys	5
White Soldiers and Military Men	5
Well-dressed Lazy Loafers	5
Well-dressed and well-connected Thieves	5
Well-connected Criminals	5
Worthless, Ruffianly Cadgeas	5
Worthless Vagabonds who will not work, or Volunteer Officers who are never to be seen within sound of the Enemy's Artillery, except on a full galop towards the rear	5
Well-duped, Striped, Silly, Dangerous Blackguards	5
White-livered Ministers	5
Worthless Knaves	5
Yankee Canal Rats	5
Yellow Pig-tailed Chinamen	5
Yankee Congressional Tinkers and Imported Buffers	5
Yankee Reverned Murderers	5
Yankee Clerical Seducers	5
Montreal Apish Aristocrats with dog collars to their ears, hair split over their noses and plastered down on both sides of their forehead	5
Flunky Journalist with spectacles	5
Foreign Drones	5
Poor Girls and their Pampered Sisters	5
English Members of Parliament who want the poor Irish to give money to feed the English Volunteers, and at poor Ireland make that while they are frightened of Ireland that Ireland's Sons are not allowed to carry a gun	5

Henry Ward Beecher's Dream.



On the night of the 28th April, 1875, Henry Ward Beecher dreamed that it was a bad sign in day time tohear that poor old hen crow. In his dream he toll Lizzie to cover her legs, to pick up those eggs, to give him the Bible, for to Church he must go. That he got a fright, and dreamed last night, that it was late in the fall that he was in Montreal, where he saw mountans of frost and snow, also a very Holy Man called Beef Joe, who stated that he could almost cry to see his Church on Plymouth Rock so very high, and he seducing another poor man's wife so very low.

In his dream he told Lizzie not to sigh, not to cry, for to take things easy and not be grunting. He knew he was watched, and should she be catched, to tell her husband, "Tilton, dear, there was no fear, that it was only her Religious Teacher—it was Brooklyn's Saint and Holy Preacher—it was Priest, Parson Henry Ward Beecher nest hunting."

In his dream he thought if he was again young and strong, he would do his best to bring Lizzie West and start as Brigham Young has done. He did not scoll her, but told her, get from your husband that letter of contrition—he would keep herself at home, and would send her husband on a Holy Mission; for all America said he was the Brooklyn Ram, but Tilton must go and convert the Jews in Jerusalem.

TRUE RELIGION.

Joe Beef's Famous Jump on Sunday the 15th June 1879.
There are seven men living now that can say this is a true picture.

The mother wild, cried out where is my child,
Cockney Fred, is he dead, do you know, where is my little Joe?

Rules for Police Constables by Authority of Joe Beef.

1. The fundamental principle of the Canadian criminal law being that every person charged with an offence shall be deemed guilty until he is enabled to prove his innocence. It is expected that every police constable will refrain from violating this essential portion of the British Constitution on pain of instant dismissal from the force.

2. When a person is arrested for a crime which he has not committed, he should be encouraged in every possible manner to admit his guilt. This will save much bother and trouble, besides ensuring the certainty of conviction.

3. If a police constable obtains evidence respecting the innocence of a person under arrest he must not make any use of the same without special permission from the Chief of Police, it being regarded as an act of insubordination on the part of a police constable to usurp the functions of his superiors.

4. Every police constable is expected to support upon oath, when required, the testimony of any constable who may desire such assistance. It is not necessary on such occasions to speak the truth.

5. Persons found lying insensible in the public streets are to be arrested for being drunk and disorderly. Should any person so arrested prove o be suffering from an attack of apoplexy a surgeon may be sent for onthe following day after the fine is paid.

6. If any person so inebriated shall refuse to resist the police constable in the execution of his duty, it will be the duty of the constable to knock him down and afterwards charge him with violent conduct.

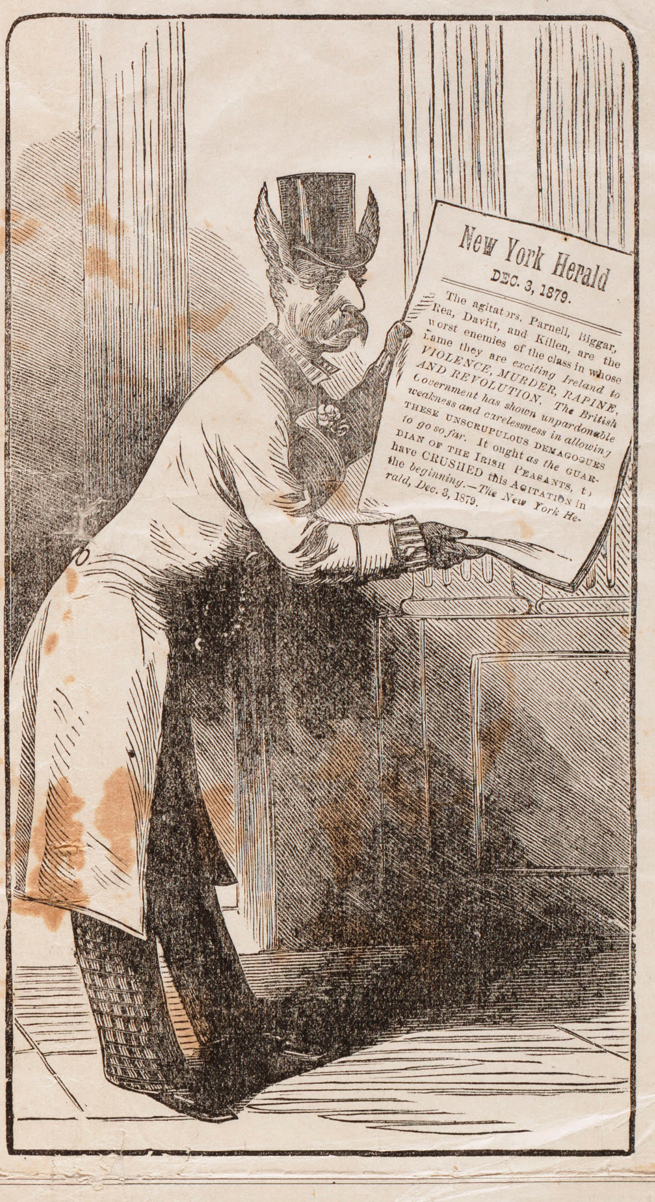
7. Drunken and other persons endeavoring to resist being taken into custody shall be conveyed to the nearest police station in charge of four constables, who shall carry the offender face downwards in a horizontal position, occasionally dropping him violently on the pavement for the purpose of reminding him of the strong arm of the law.

8. It being indispensable that the general health of the force should be preserved from injury, each police constable will be permitted to receive rations of cold mutton, pickles and beer from the cooks and house-maids on his beat. Should any house proprietor require an explanation of the system he may be referred to the Recorder's Court or arrested for interfering with the police in the execution of their duty.

9. If during any examination or trial a police constable is asked whether he knows anything of the accused he must reply in the affirmative, and give a significant shake of the head lest he be suspected of ignorance.

10. Above all, every constable must bear in mind that he is not a man but a policeman, and that his interests are superior to those of the general community whose sole business it is to provide him with excuses for running them in.

Him that Shoots in May and Runs away,
Will live to Shoot some other day.



FIRE AND RUN
YOU SON OF A GUN.

JOE BEEF'S CANTEEN.

Come all ye roystering blades that dwell in gay old Montreal,
And listen, while to you I'll tell what chanced me to befal;
For once, like you, I used to bum, and tight was often seen,
And drank my whiskey, beer and rum, at old Joe Beef's Canteen.

(CHORUS:)

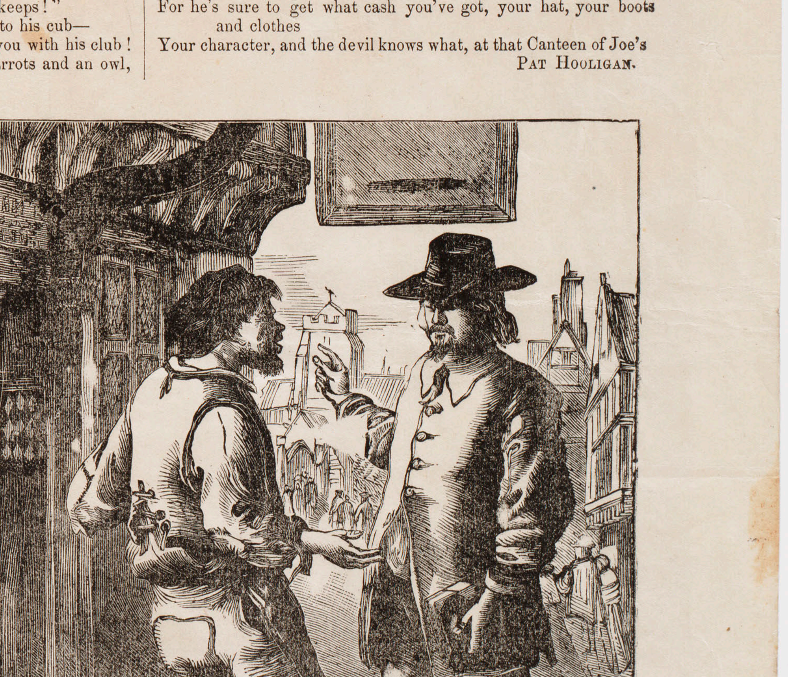
For I have travelled east and west,
And many sights I've seen,
But none that could at all compare,
Boys, with Joe Beef's Canteen!

While money lasts he'll lure you on, with sweet and honeyed smile;
But when its gone your race is run to hell for many a mile;
He'll tell you then before you'd think (for he's a cute old lad,)
"Your clothes don't fit—your feet they stink!" 'twould make a preacher mad!
"Drink less of beer; secure each night your ten cents' worth of sleep—
If not, register at the Hotel which Mr. Lumber keeps!"
Your supplications he won't mind—as well plead to his cub—
And if you blarney much you'll find he'll smash you with his club!
At Joe's Canteen you'll find three bears, some parrots and an owl,
An eight-legged lamb, and human skulls—'twould make a mad-man howl.
He's trying hard, now, to collect a ghastly museum
Of victim's skulls who croaked their last by drinking of his old rum.
On Sunday Joe Beef turns a saint, and helps them sing and pray,
And converts bums that through the week he's helped to lead astray
If Satan—just to try his luck—his net were to let fall,
I have no doubt but he'd scoop up, Joe Beef, Canteen and all!
My shirt-tails fluttered out behind, my boots were out at toes,
And I was steeped up to my ears in miseries and woes;
My children toddled round in rags, my wife grew poor and lean;
'Twas all because I patronized, each night, Joe Beef's Canteen!
Now, boys, pray warning take by me—no longer be Joe's dupe,
And spend your time in getting drunk and eating five-cent soup;
For he's sure to get what cash you've got, your hat, your boots and clothes
Your character, and the devil knows what, at that Canteen of Joe's

PAT HOOLIGAN.

Late in the month of March, 1878, D. E. K. Ryne did begin to clean Stratford, that great city of Sin,
He caught a young girl by the breast—
Fathers and Mothers, Sisters and Brothers, you may guess the rest!
He then seized her by the arm, he felt her young blood warm;
He took her to the looking-glass, and gazed upon the Stratford Lass.
With fright, the child was nearly dead,
When he was dragging her on the bed!
Still he is ready to begin to cleanse Stratford, Bedford, or Montreal, that great city of Sin.
Whilst in his bed-room till 10 o'clock basking,
He will be asking some other poor young girl for her pin.

THE EVANGELIST WANTS THE POOR HUNGRY MAN TO PRAY, AND WHAT THE POOR HUNGRY MAN DID SAY.

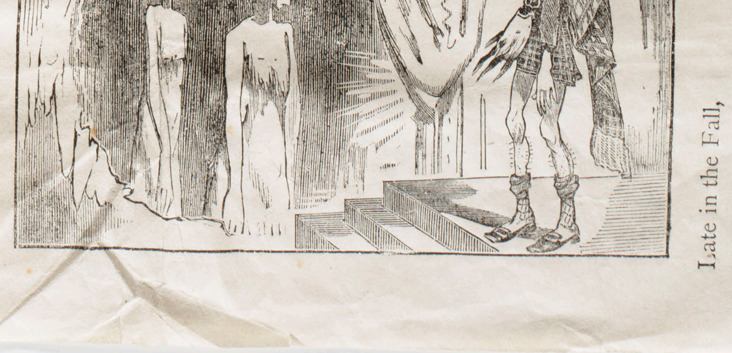


Sir, says he: In that Church or that Bible you never trusted. With good old roast and port the buttons of your coat are getting bursted. You are fat and strong. Your hair is long. My feet are sore. My pants are tore. My knees are bended with cold and hunger. My days are nearly ended. Last week in the Young Men's Christian Association Reading Room I prayed early, I prayed late. I wore out my knee-caps until my back stuck to the seat, and all I got was tracts for to eat. Here I am a poor Navie that is starving whilst Bishops, Priests, and pudding-headed Parsons their roast beef and turkeys are carving. On the Railroads they call me "BLACK BILL." If I had only five cents I could hold up my head instead of a Soup Kitchen my face getting red. I could go down amongst God's own people. I could sit and eat my fill in Joe Beef's Canteen at the bottom of the hill.

Joe Beef off to Winnipeg,

A Modern Politician.

Since he Landed in Canada,
The Army in Africa lost a peg,
In place of being measured round the chest,
They are now measured by the leg.



Late in the Fall,
He landed in Montreal,
From the Scottish border,
And gave his celebrated Low Necked order.